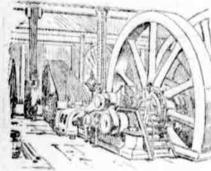
HORSEPOWER EACH.

Flywheels That Weigh Fifty Tons-A Wire Rope That Has Displaced Thousands of

[Special Correspondence.]

New York, June 29, - When the cables began to run through the conduit that has been built under Broadway, the chief artery of this big town, mighty King Coal took another stride in his wonderful march of triumph. How much this means is not apparent on the surface. Visibly it signifies that instead of jerky horse cars we shall in future be able to ride easily and steadily; that Broadway will be daily traversed by several hundred less horses than it has been for many years and that the street will be correspondingly cleaner. But it means a good deal more than than this when you come to think it over.

It means that instead of farmers toiling in their fields to make the fuel in the shape of hay and oats and corn that shall furnish the food for the horses that supply power to transport the busy crowds of the metropolis grimy miners will in future pick the fuel needed for that purpose out of the bowels of the earth. It means the employment of a few engine men and stokers in place of a small army of hostiers and stable men. It



A THOUSAND HORSEPOWER ENGINE. means that human ingenuity has again been applied to the lessening of the amount of labor required to do the world's work

The use of cables in hauling street cars is not at all a new thing, even in New York. A cable line has been in operastreet for several years, and, as all the steam. world knows, in San Francisco, Chicago, Kansas City, Philadelphia and other cities the story of cable cars has long been an old one. But nowhere else has the cable been put to so severe a test as it has here. The crowds on Broadway er and duplicate machinery everywhere are denser and the traffic is greater than in any other city. Crowded streets increase the danger to life and limb, and been as strong or so long continued. It more than 10 minutes. is worthy of record that the Broadway managers have been able to congratulate

reign of the wire rope in New York. Third avenue is about ready for the cable. Work was begun in that thor-Broadway. That was literally years ago, and the public has complained often and ness with which the work has been cardiscussed since the cable has begun its visit. work the discontent of the past will be very shortly forgotten. The laying of power stations were watched with genenough to go through the stations since Bayard street and the Bowery. The latthey were put in operation have seen something almost infinitely more inter-

I devoted half of yesterday to the stations at Fiftieth street and Sixth avenue and Houston street and Broadway. In a certain sense they are much alike. Both contain powerful steam engines that turn ponderous flywheels and pulleys of fabulous size, and though the engines at Houston street are larger and the wheels and paileys heavier than they are at Fiftieth street the lay eye perceives little difference in these particulars. But there is a very apparent lifference of quite another kind. The Cifrieth street station is housed in a high building that in other days was used for stables and carhouses. All the upper floors have been taken out, and the place is a vast hollow shell of brick walls, pierced by many windows, and slate roof. The first impression, therefore, of the visitor is that he is in a cool, spacious, well ventilated place. There is at once on entering a sense of plenty of room and of great power exerted quietly, for the big engine that is at work performs its labor without noise. It, with its duplicate, stands on high brick piers some eight or ten feet above the level of the street. The attendants move leisurely about, and no one seems to be in a

The power station at Houston street is a veritable inferno. The engines, of which there are four instead of two, are in the bowels of the earth. Of great pulleys there are also twice as many as at Fiftieth street, and as there are thousands less square feet of floor surface space is at a premium, and all the machinery is crowded. Instead of the pleasant coolness brought about by many open windows through which the breezes blow freely the temperature is decidedly torrid. The attendants are of course more numerous, and they clothe themselves very lightly while at work. Hot jets of steam and dropping tepid water are everywhere encountered.

Much of the station is directly under the street, and the ear is constantly assailed by the grind of wheels and the

THE BROADWAY ROAD The din is terrific. The electric lights are not yet in place, and the gas jets flare and flutter in the constant hot RUN BY ENGINES OF ONE THOUSAND drafts, casting weird lights and Dantean shadows everywhere. But many of these characteristics of the Houston street power house are due to the fact that the construction of the building overhead and of the power station itself Horses Most Remarkable Cable Eve. is yet incomplete, and the men who are at work about the engines and the transmitting machinery are crowded together with masons and bricklayers and other

Still another power house is being built for the Broadway road. It is located at Front street and will not be furnished with such powerful engines and driving machinery as the stations that are now in operation. Of these, that at Fiftieth street propels the cable from Fifty-ninth street to Thirty-sixth and that at Houston the two cables from Thirty-sixth to Houston and from Houston to the Battery. In all three the engines are of the Corliss type. At Fiftieth street they are of 1,000-horsepower each, with cylinders 36 inches in diameter and 50 inches stroke. The flywheels are 24 feet in diameter and weigh 50 tons each, as much as a good sized locomotive. The driving pulleys are 30 feet in diameter and weigh 42 tons each. the difference in weight arising from the fact that in order to insure steadiness of running the flywheels are purposely made heavy while the pulleys are built as light as possible without sacrificing strength.

The power is communicated to the druins over which the cables run by means of cotton rope instead of belts, which are being displaced in many instances where great power is employed. A pressure of 100 pounds of steam is used at both the power houses, and the engines are run at 60 revolutions a minute. The four engines at Houston street -one and a duplicate for each cablehave cylinders of two inches greater diameter than those at Fiftieth street, the flywheels are more massive, and the driving pulleys and drums carry more ropes

and are correspondingly wider and heavter. There are six boilers of 250 horsepower each at the Fiftieth street station, but only three are used, the other three being kept constantly ready in case of accident. At the Houston street station there are of course more boilers, and they are run as are the boilers at Fiftieth street-that is, only half of them tion in One Hundred and Twenty-fifth are at any time supposed to be under

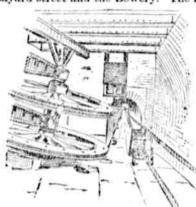
Although the engines are of 1,000 horsepower and upward each, they are not worked to much more than half their capacity at present. The idea throughout is to have a superabundance of pow--including extra cables, all strung-so that the possibility of a shutdown is reduced to a minimum. In case of an undoubtedly the congested condition of accident to any of the engines its mate in her as a champion beauty. I didn't Broadway has contributed its full share | can be put to work without stopping the to the opposition to the introduction of cable, and the substitution of one cable ungs of adulation and admiration, but the cable here, which has nowhere else for another would cause a delay of not

upper section of the road reaches the themselves because of the fact that no Fiftieth street station through a tunnel other cable road in existence made so lighted by incandescent electric lamps, clean a record, so far as hurts to humani-ty are concerned, during its first week's operation as the Broadway line.

This tunnel is an interesting place. It and loved, or at least I did. There came the first week's is cool and filled with the clean odor of operation as the Broadway line.

This tunnel is an interesting place. It and loved, or at least I did. There came the first week's is cool and filled with the clean odor of the tar that is allowed to drip from a where Melvina was cool, calculating and Borneo, while I remained an outsider. The opening of the Broadway road as tank on the cable at intervals to keep it level headed-where her love stopped He fell into the trap and came out dead a cable line is but the beginning of the flexible. A man is employed to watch dead short and business began, but I broke, while I still had 18 cents capithe cable constantly in this underground was blind then. place, and though it is interesting to the visitor to watch the iron rope on its endoughfare at about the same time as on less journey the workman says it has already grown monotonous to him. At Houston street the cable runs directly with bitterness of the seeming dilatori- into the station, and there is no long sweet smelling tunnel. But if you are tion with which the Broadway line is much the more entertaining place to

The cable cars do not run much if any the conduits and the building of the big with less delay, and so the trip is made in rather less time. The Third avenue eral interest during the progress of the line will have power stations at Sixty-



MAMMOTH DRIVING PULLEYS AND CABLE. ter will be the largest station in the city. As in the case of the station at Houston street, the machinery has been placed 40 feet below the surface of the street, and the superstructure will be rented out to tenants. The Sixty-fifth street statem will be in a building formerly used as horse and car barn, the same as the Fiftieth street station.

L. D. MARSHALL

The British Soldier's Income.

The British private is paid at the rate of a shilling, or 24 cents, a day. Butter, tea. coffee, sugar, any excess of meaabove half a pound daily, vegetables, fish and everything beyond his pittance out of his 24 cents. From the same slim source also have to come the cost of repairs to his clothing and the amount of the practically compulsory though nominally optional subscriptions to the cricket, shooting and athletic clubs connected with the regiment. A still further deduction of 10 cents per month is taken off his diminished pay for the cost of "repairs to barracks," a mysterions item, charged in accordance with a venerable custom, of which no one in the army can give any satisfactory account other than established custom.

Hence the Recent Belgian Revolution. France has the larges: proportion of voters to its population—1 to every 3.69. click of horses' hoofs on the pavement | Belgium has the least-1 in every 46.20.

THE NATION'S BIRTHDAY.

Columbia, gem of the west,
Peerless thou art, alone doth stand,
A continent by freedom blest,
Bright banners float o'er all thy land. From mountain peak to peaceful vale, From ocean depths to bubbling rill, We ever hear the same sweet tale

Of peace on earth, to man good will. Of all the nations of the earth, What one can such a record show Of purity and sterling worth

Among her men of years ago? On histories' page forevermore Their names shall blend harmoniously is these who opened wide the door, Freedom for all posterity.

Unfurt our giorious flag once more. Ring out in ciarion tones again, Amid the glare of cannon's roar, The nation's yearly grand amen. This day of days, alone it stands A priceless gem of instrous hue, Secured to us by patriot hands.

A loyal band to right e'er true.

The stars and stripes, long may they wave Grand emblem of a land that's free, Might and oppression found one grave. Thereon was reared sweet liberty. And while the golden sunset rays In radiance flash across the earth We'd offer up to God all praise
For noble doeds that gave our Fourth.

-E. Clifford Wadsworth,

# A BOY'S STORY.

Fourth of July and Fireworks.

BY CHARLES B, LEWIS (M. QUAD).

(Copyright, 1893.) How I loved that girl-that Melvina Jackson! It was a case of love at first sight. I threw a paper wad at a redheaded boy in school, and the teacher made me sit with Melvina Jackson as a punishment in after years I saw that she had a turn up nose, a freckled face. a cast in her left eye and a month like a milkpan, but at that period i looked up-



lose five minutes' time telling my feelthe most she would say was that she pink lemonade. I think he discovered The cable that pulls the cars on the borrow my geography in preference to was the first to call attention to a serany other and allow me to sharpen her pent 20 feet long painted on the canvas slate pencil and lick the boys who snow- of a sideshow at the circus. It was balled her after school. Thus we loved which and tother until I got a plan to

hogs didn't get in and root up the gar- away in disdain.

den or some other awful calamity occur. with a lead pencil and a slate sponge, and too into my back. I resented the asshe smiled sweetly as she accepted them. I wrote her a note meant to annihilate her, but she read it with her mouth full of apple and didn't scare worth a cent Long enough before noon I had deter mined to lick Sam Greene. A licked boy goes right out of the rival business and doesn't bother any more. If Melvina had melted a little and assured me of her fealty, I might have changed my mind but she didn't melt. She even went so far as to whisper to a girl who would whisper it to me that Sam Greene mal dreamy eyes and a nose like Cicero After that my resolution was unshaka-

My sallow rival had to be provoked before he would fight, but when we got at it be proved to be a sterling antagonist. For a long time victory wavered in the V balance, and then I won by a scratch His har was his tender point, and when t got hold with both hands he gave inof meat and bread have to be paid tor For a week Melvina placed me on a pedestal and almost agreed to elope. Then Sam Greene sent her a piece of poetry entitled "The Maiden's Heart," and I lost my grip again. The only thing to be done was to lick him again, but he sault, and a scrap was the consequence. had had his hair shingled in the mean- It wasn't over half a minute when we time, and the conflict did not terminate rolled among the fireworks, and someto my satisfaction. Some of the boys thing broke loose. Ten seconds later said I "hollered," and others said I couldes, rockets, bombs, pinwheels, serlicked, and it was an open question as to who won. He went right home and wrote another piece of poetry entitled van's father had just got hold of Sam "She Died at Sunset," and I should have and I and bumped our heads together been a goner but for Providence. I was with a "Thar, by gosh!" when a rocket hanging around Mr. Jackson's house in struck him on the lower vest button, and the svening, hoping to at least see Mel he laid down vian's shad w on the kitchen window In the wild break the crowd walked all curtain, wi en I discovered that the over each other, and half a dozen farm-

weeks I was a begy youth. I must credit Sam with going over and helping Mrs. Jackson to make soft soap and with painting the well curb red, white and

only treated him as a brother. passed on, and my sixteenth birthday arrived. It was ushered in by Melvina presenting me with a 15-cent Testament. and it was ushered out by my giving Sam Greene the awfullest licking a hyem of a boy ever received. One of his legs slipped into a posthole during our struggle, and then I had him. This was only a week before the Fourth of July. and there was also to be a circus in town that day. In that fight, as I was rejoiced to hear, Sam lost 9 cents in cash out of one of his pockets, and I fondly hoped he would be financially paralyzed on the glorious Fourth. Alas, for my hopes! His mother permitted him to sell two old fatirous and a dozen eggs, and he was made financially stronger than before. Neither of us dared ask the fair Melvina to accompany us to the celebration. We hadn't the age nor the backing. Our attentions would come in after she reached town in her father's lumber wagon. I had licked Sam Greene again.

but he was not discouraged. When the glorious day arrived, I had a cash capital of 27 cents. In firing the sunrise salute the anvil burst, and one of the pieces struck our hencoop. That would have made me a hero in Melvina's eyes, but that ornery Sam Greene managed to burn a hole in his vest exactly over his heart with a firecracker. and that dished me. We had a fight over it, but it resulted in a draw. Sam offered Melvina the first lasses candy but I came in a good second with real would ride down hill on my hand sled. the circus procession before I did, but I

A year passed by before a rival entered As my dear one and I sat under one of the field. We had our spats. There were the circus wagons that afternoon eating occasions when we made up faces at gingerbread and living for each other each other across the schoolroom; when alone, while Sam was trying to regain she turned from me and let another boy his lost prestige by turning handsprings wash her slate; when I was glad that she a few yards away, I remember that I ap this weeks' issue; but will appear next left off at the foot of the spelling class: pealed to Melvina to fly with me. She ried on. But judging from the satisfac- heatproof the Houston street station is when I added up 9 and 8 on the black- said she was too fat to fly, and I had to board and made 15, and she giggled and struggle with my disappointment. She was rejoiced. On the whole, however, promised on her solemn honor, how "er, we were happy. I licked 14 different to die the same might I did in case we faster than horse cars, but they start boys for her direct benefit that year, both had bilious fever, and I was quite and her per cent in geography was satisfied. When the shades of night bethe highest of any girl in the school, gan to fall, Sam Greene was a doomed We were engaged—that is, I had asked boy. Poetry couldn't save him. He made reasonable. work, but those who have been fortunate fifth street and Third avenue and at Melvina about half a million times if she a raise of 3 cents somehow and bought would have me, and she had always re-plied that she guessed she would if the peeling and half the fruit, but she turned

There were to be fireworks in the even-My rival was a callow youth named ing on a vacant lot not far from the Sam Greene Something warned me of circus tent. The people were not disapperil the minute I set eyes on him, but pointed. I had a front seat with Melan hour later, when I heard that he could vina on the grass, with the callow and write poetry, I realized that it would be hollow hearted Sam Greene as near as a fight to the death. Sam went straight he could get to us. The fireworks were to work to unhorse me. At the forenoon loosely piled under the stand. The first recess he presented Melvina Jackson rocket had been fired when Sam dug his



SOMETHING BROKE LOOSE.

and all sorts of zigzag things scooting about in the crowd. Mel-

smokehouse was on fire. I heroically ers' teams ran away. The circus per-

TUESDAY, JULY FOURTH, THE GOURIER 2

9 to 12 A.M.

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COURIER PUBLISHING CO.

quenched the flames, burned my left formance had just commenced, but a beel end saved seven name from an in- dozen rockets banged the old tent, set it glorious fate. That was more than an on fire in as many places, and everybody offset for "She Died at Sunset," and for had to turn to and fight the flames. Next day it was figured that 40 people had is a burt and damage done to the amount of \$2,000. Sam Greene lost an eye and had an ear almost torn off, while blue at his own expense, but Melvina I had my nose broken and all my front teeth knocked out, and on top of that Age came creeping over me as time came an old fashtoned home licking which kept us in bed for a week.

Sam and I got outdoors the same day. Animal magnetism drew us toward each other. From force of habit we got ready for a conflict, but no conflict occurred. "You kin hev ber all to yourself," said

Sam as we faced each other. "So kin you!"

"I don't want her!" "Neither do I!"

"Are you mad?"

"Then I hain't." Neither of us ever looked at Melvina

burned down to the socket and died out with a figz-bang! An Uncomfortable Position.

Jackson again. The candle of love had

Mrs. Smith-And how is your neighbor!

Mrs. Brown—She's well enough, I sup-pose. I haven't seen her to speak to for six Mrs. Smith-Why, I thought you were

on the most friendly terms, Mrs. Brown-Well, we used to be, but we've exchanged servants.-Vogue.

Their Wants.

Laura-I think I should like to marry a

Louise-So should 1. 'And I think I should like to marry a German count."

"Well, I'm rather more particular. I want a bank account."-B., K. & Co.'s Monthly.

Nothing In It.

Lounger-Why did you refuse to sell that man any stamps?

Drug Clerk-He looked too healthy. We only sell stamps to people likely to need medicine.—Indianapolis Journal.

Bacon-There is something so delicate about those violets. Egbert-Well, you can bet it is not the

price. - Yonkers Statesman.

The dude has his use in this world after all. Anything is good, they say, that has a tendency to excite a hearty laugh.-Somer-

"A Nymph of the west", The Coun-ier's serial story, was crowded out of

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Hood's Sarsaparilla

which effected a perfect cure. Mr. Hauer is now in the best of health. Full particulars of his case will be sent all who address C. I. Hoop & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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